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## THE DRAMA.

In our last we gave but a notice of Miss Fanny Kemble's appearance upon the boards of the Dublin theatre, with some general remarks upon that young lady's performance, promising at the same time to enter into detail upon the subject in an ensuing number—we shall now fulfil our promise:—

Juliet was the character selected for Miss Kemble's *début* in Dublin, and it is, probably, the most judicious selection that could have been made, as the character itself carries our feelings more along with it than perhaps any of the others she personated. In it, too, she had an opportunity of displaying the graces of action, which she understands so well, to a greater extent than in other characters, and the variety of emotion to be developed in Juliet, gives scope for the exhibition of versatility of powers singularly available in judicious hands, and, accordingly, Juliet is, as a *whole*, the best, perhaps, of Miss Kemble's characters, with one exception, which we shall afterwards name. Her gentle and unexcited girlishness in the early stages of the play, was happily contrasted with the earnestness of manner which the new-born sensation of love produced; and in the garden scene she portrayed with exquisite truth, the all-absorbing, deep emotion of a *first love*,

New, sudden, delicious !

The dawn of a passion scarce kindled up yet,

and when it was "kindled up," it burned indeed with fierce intensity. The scene with her nurse upon the return of the old woman from her mission to Romeo, was very beautiful—her pettishness when held in suspense, and the subsequent coaxing of her foster-mother out of her ill-humour, were most successful passages. The scene previously to drinking the sleeping potion, was rather, we thought, bordering on rant, and her scream at last, and a run, and a slide, and sinking on her knee in the *celebrated* attitude, were downright extravagant. It is but fair to acknowledge that the scene itself is very highly wrought.

Miss Kemble's Belvidera disappointed us—it is by no means equal to her Juliet. She made one point, however, particularly effective—when Jaffier leaves her, and, as he assures her for ever, and afterwards returns to give her one more kiss which he bequeaths his child, she screams wildly thrice, and plunges into his arms with the desperation of despairing and devoted love, and sinks in hysterical exhaustion upon his breast.—It was womanly and tender in the fullest measure, and smote us to the very heart. Her dying scene too was affecting, and we must applaud the good taste of Miss Kemble in retaining the costume in which she appeared in the latter scenes of the piece, instead of adopting the hacknied fashion of changing her dress for the occasion, and acting white muslin misery, keeping faith with Mr. Puff, who says that "The heroine always goes mad in white satin," many thanks, Miss Kemble, for reforming the practice.

Her Mrs. Beverly was more successful, and we know some who even go so far as to call it her best piece of acting, but to this opinion we do not subscribe. The agony with which she listens to Stukely's detail of her husband's worthlessness, the burst of indignation and loathing which follows the betrayal of his own villainy, and the scorn with which she taunts him with treachery and cowardice in thus en-

deavouring to poison her ear against her husband and his friend, were indeed magnificent; but the play is somewhat too lacrymose for us, and affords no room for depicting those softer and more quiet emotions in which we think Miss Kemble most successful.

Of Mr. Charles Kemble's Beverly, so much has been often said, and his reputation in the character is so high, that it were idle in us to particularize passages in the piece where his excellence is most conspicuous. The swallowing of the poison and its gradual operation on his frame were admirably portrayed; in short his personation of the character is perfection.

We shall say nothing of the Grecian Daughter, for we do not like the play; indeed we wonder that Miss Kemble has selected such a piece of uninteresting fustian for representation.

Her Isabella affords great room for praise; when told that her last resource for raising assistance has failed, and she finds herself deserted by every one, her suppressed muttering of the single word "good" was very effective, and indicated the bitterness of disappointed feelings and extinguished hope to a touching degree. The scene of recognition with Biron, too, was very powerful, and her endeavours to rush into his arms, but falling to the ground before she can reach them, overwhelmed by the violence of her emotion, was deeply felt by the audience and loudly applauded. In this piece, Mr. Calcraft's Villeroy, was excellent; and Mr. Abbott's Carlos, was also good. Biron has but little to do, and is unworthy of Mr. Kemble's powers. By the way, we cannot help asking Mr. Kemble, who is generally so careful about costume, what in the name of wonder could have induced him to dress Biron in a *modern hussar uniform*? Othello might as well be furnished with a cocked hat, or Macbeth with a cocked pistol. Mr. Kemble's Shylock in the Merchant of Venice, was by no means a successful piece of acting. We have the less hesitation in speaking of his failure thus bluntly, having already said so much in his praise, particularly in our last Number, where we noticed his exquisite *Mercutio*.—Why the play was got up at all, we are at a loss to conjecture, for Portia, which Miss Kemble played, and played delicately and sweetly, is not a very striking part; it is little more than a declamatory character. One of the best points Miss Kemble made throughout the character, was her bye-play where Bassanio is choosing the casket: it was admirably expressive of intense anxiety. We are now going to put forward an opinion, that we are aware is by no means general—namely, that Miss Kemble's Lady Townley is a very charming piece of acting; indeed, we cannot decide which we like her best in—that or Juliet—some object to a want of bustle and activity in Miss Kemble's Lady Townley; but it is this very absence of *effort* we admire. There was a great deal of archness in her style of giving the playful and satirical passages, and throughout, quite as much spirit as any high-bred lady could or ought to give way to. In short, Miss Kemble was very like a woman of fashion in her drawing-room, and it was this *vraisemblance*, this not overstepping "the modesty of nature," that so much delighted us.

After having thus "redeemed our pledge," as the parliamentary men say, we shall conclude by giving our opinion upon Miss Kemble's merits in general: we look upon her as a young lady of very great talent, having already done much, and we think capable of doing much more; but we must at the same time enter our protest against the flagrant puffing of which Miss Kemble's has been the subject; and

though we have given in the preceding remarks, ample proof that we esteem the young lady's talents highly, we must, in common honesty, say that she *is not* the *very* extraordinary genius that the London press would have made all the world believe; she is already, and will be every day more, an ornament to her profession and an acquisition to the stage; but as yet her name deserves not to be coupled, as it has been, with that of her illustrious aunt, Mrs. Siddons, or of our own spirit-ruling Miss O'Neill.

The theatre here has been shut these three weeks, and we have not heard any *on dits* as to when it may open. Our clever favourite Miss Huddart has made quite a hit in Liverpool, where we understand, she is every day more admired; but merit such as hers cannot fail of securing admiration. We hope ere long to see her achieve a victory on the London boards.

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The application of the following Sonnet to the same event as that celebrated in the one in p. 347, is abundantly evident; it is extremely difficult to do anything like justice to the exquisite force and beauty of the original, but we own we think the translation does great credit to the taste and judgment of our correspondent:—

## SONETO.

Tu ya, 'o ministro, afirma tu cuidado  
En no injuriar al misero y al fuerte :  
Quando les quites oro y plata, advierte  
Que les dexas el hierro acicalado.

Dexas espada y lanza al desdichado,  
Y poder y razon para vencerte :  
No sabe el pueblo ayuno temer muerte ;  
Armas quedan al pueblo despojado.

Quien vé su perdicion cierta, aborrece  
Mas que su perdicion, la causa de ella ;  
Y esta, no aquella, es mas quien le enfurece.

Arma su desnudez y su querella  
Con desesperacion, quando le ofrece  
Venganza del rigor, quien le atropella.

QUEVEDO.

## TRANSLATION.

Pause tyrant minister! nor rashly dare  
To harm the wretched, who at least are strong ;  
Depriving them of silver—gold—beware  
Of sharpened steel, left to avenge the wrong!

The sword, resource of desperation, 's left,  
And force, and reason thy designs to foil :  
Can death the victims daunt, of all bereft  
Save arms, the direful residue of spoil?

He who destruction sure beholds, still more  
Than his sad doom detests the baneful cause,  
This most infuriates—most the heart makes sore ;  
And he, the destitute who tramples o'er,  
Despair in aid of retribution draws,  
When comes the hour to pay oppressions score.

H. Y.